

A BABY MARTYR.

The stage was descending a sloping hillside on the road between Santa Barbara and the Ojai, the horses walking with painful exactness in the middle of the deep ruts, and glancing with occasional nervous distrust at the border of rank looking grass on either side of the way. The constant rains, alternating with fierce suns, had rendered the whole soil a continuous, puffy, spongy mass, and more than once they had passed by the decaying, half-sunken carcasses of stock mired within easy reach of the driver's whip.

As the stage took an extra heavy rut, a faint whimper, from a bundle carried by a woman on the back seat, reminded the passengers of a baby.

"That puts me in mind," said an erect, gray-whiskered man in the front seat, "of a queer experience a lot of us fellows had with a baby away back in—"

"In '84, Major," put in a handsome young lady of about 20, who sat beside the speaker, and who had received the undivided attention of a couple of drummers on the back seat, they evidently taking her for the old gentleman's daughter.

"Won't you tell us about it, sir?" said one of the pair, ingratiatingly, all the lady passengers, married and single, indorsing the request.

"Well," said the major, with a retrospective smile, "you see I was stationed at Fort Laramie at the time, and was sent with a detachment of twenty-five men to escort Gen. Whipple, who was visiting the fort, and his staff to another post about 400 miles further north. The country was full of Indians on the war path, but we didn't mind them so much as the weather, which was simply fearful. Snow breast high, and a steady norther blowing that would cut the eyes out of you. We struggled along somehow for a couple of days, but finally the snow began to fall again and we lost the trail. The whole party was just on the point of giving up for good, when one of the scouts came in to report that he had found a few miles further on, a certain log house and stockade that we had been aiming for. Of course, that braced us up once more, and we soon reached the house and started up a roaring fire, you may suppose. As the men were bringing in their last armful of wood, they heard a faint call for help on the wind. A forlorn hope volunteered to go out and see what was the matter, and pretty soon they brought in an emigrant family whose teams had got snowed in, and who had just about lain down to die some half mile from the house. There was the father, three boys, a little girl carrying a kitten, and the mother with a small baby wrapped in a dozen shawls."

"Dear, dear me," exclaimed the lady passengers in chorus.

"The log house had a small room in one corner and we gave that to the poor family and made them comfortable. That night it blew a gale, and the wind swept the trail so clear that the emigrants decided to push on south. Our party concluded to wait another day for the weather to settle, and well enough it was, as the snow began again. Some time during the next evening, one of the officers happened to go into the room that had been occupied by the emigrant family, when he heard a sort of low cry, and going towards a bunk, something move inside a bundle lying there wrapped up in an old red shawl."

"A blue shawl, major," interrupted the young lady, merrily.

"To it was," said the old officer, glancing fondly at his companion. "He was a brave fellow, that lieutenant; but he ran out to us as pale as death. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'in the excitement of getting away, those people have left their baby.'"

"You never saw such a scared lot of men in your life. There we were, snowed in, 300 miles from civilization, with a baby!—a grizzly bear would have been more welcome."

"Oh! you horrid thing," sniffed the mother on the back seat.

"You don't seem to grapple with the proposition, ma'am," explained the major. "On canvassing the matter, we discovered that there wasn't but one married man in the whole command, and he, as luck would have it, had never been blessed with a baby. We didn't have any more idea how to take care of a baby than the man in the moon. Oh! it was dreadful!" and the major wiped the perspiration from his face at the mere recollection.

"Had the poor darling been all that day without anything to eat?" indignantly inquired a young bride who sat up with the driver.

"To drink, you mean," said the major. "That was just it. There wasn't even a can of condensed milk in the outfit, so we went into council of war as to the proper thing to give it to eat. One officer said flour and water was the correct thing. Capt. Brown insisted on milk. Boggs thought that meat chopped up fine would anger. Somebody else argued that the proper ration for a baby was sugar tied up in a rag somewhere."

"A young woman believed they sucked the juice of a slice of rubber, so to speak, while old Whipple stuck it out that babies were fed exclusively on pargorie. You never heard such a wrangle."

"And the poor little creature suffering all that time," murmured the mother, wiping a tear off her nose.

"The result was that we agreed to make an impartial mixture of all these things, on the theory that if one missed fire the others would sort of counteract it, as it were. So we made a sort of stew in the coffee-pot, which included a whole bottle of pargorie from the medicine chest, for the most of us rather leaned toward Whipple's ideas after all. Then we hunted up a small tin funnel used for filling the whisky keg."

"What was that for?" gasped the lady passengers, who by this time had worked themselves into a state of suppressed fury.

"Why, to run the compound into the baby with, so as not to spill it," continued the major calmly. "So when the committee on pap concluded the mixture was cool enough, we started in to feed the—"

"I wonder it didn't kill you," interrupted the bride, looking knowingly at the major's companion. "Of course I can see how it all turned out. You were the baby, and the major brought you up and married you."

"Just wait till I finish," went on the

major. "Just as we started for the bunk there was a terrible crash of firing, followed by a yell that would have curled your blood. We were attacked by the Paches. They had surrounded us on snow shoes. Of course we had to jump to our guns, and it was just nip and tuck all that night to keep them off. At daylight our repeating rifles were too much for them, and they finally cleared out with a heavy loss."

"And the baby?" cried the whole stage, while even the driver put on the brake and turned around to listen.

"Then we thought of the baby," said the major, solemnly, "and we all went in to look at it. The bundle still lay on the bunk, and it was motionless. The shawl was stained with blood, and we saw that a chance arrow had come through a loop-hole and literally trans-fixed it."

"Oh, you heartless things," sobbed the bride, while the mother on the back seat hugged her treasure convulsively, and burst into tears.

"We had lost a private, and two others badly wounded," went on the old soldier, softly, "but I can tell you we all felt like murderers as we stood with our hats off in that little room, and a tear stole down over more than one powdered cheek as the old general leaned over and gently opened the little bundle."

"And was it quite dead?" asked a mining man who was pretending not to cry.

"Quite dead—quite dead. But you see it wasn't a baby at all, but the kitten that the little emigrant had forgotten, and—ahem—I thing, daughter, I'll get out and walk to the top of this hill."

And then major got out, followed by some indistinct remark referring to his eyes, on the part of the driver, that seemed to be fully concurred in by the rest of the passengers.

A Clever Artist's Adaptations.

[Clara Belle's Letter.]

A clever artist has caught some of us with his brand new notion. He is what may be called an adapter of the human face. He works in water colors, and is really a good dabster with the brush. Oriental scenes are his specialty. That is to say, he made a great many of them, but they remained in his studio, for he hadn't the reputation necessary to make his products saleable.

The scenes depicted were Moorish, Japanese, East Indian, and so on, and each had the figure of a native girl, posed in the lazy indolence characteristic of far eastern life. One day a young and fashionable visitor to his studio imagined that the Japanese face in a picture bore a resemblance to her own oval, brunette phiz, and on that account bought the canvas.

"If that's all my paintings lack to render them marketable," said the artist, "the trouble can be remedied. I'll alter the faces into likenesses on demand."

This fancy proved captivating. Every Oriental dandy in his stock was speedily transformed into a portrait of some New York belle, on cash orders, and then he began to wield his brush on new subjects. He is an adept at making a likeness while at the same time preserving the distinctive type a nationality demanded. A little water-color picture hangs before me as I write, in which I am a Mongolian enough, and yet recognizable, so neatly are the ideal and real blended. In one case a facetious girl has had her olive complexion, pouting lips and inky hair adapted to the features of a mulatto; but generally we order ourselves turned into something more romantic. The Turk holds the lead, and I know a dozen girls who have had themselves put by paint into harems.

The Russians as Tea Drinkers.

[Moscow Letter.]

It would be a very incomplete sketch of Moscow that did not treat of the "traktirs," or tea-houses. They abound in every street, lane, and alley, rivaling in their numbers the public houses of western lands. The drinking of "teba" is, indeed, a prominent feature of Russian life. Enter a traktir at what hour of the day you please, it always seems crowded. A corpulent little saint, with a smiling countenance, who is supposed specially to provide over tea-drinking, is perched in one corner. The Russians, as they enter, uncover their heads and bow to this patron of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." Profusely perspiring, and, indeed, completely saturated with tea, the habitués talk over and settle matters of business or pleasure, strike bargains, or balance accounts. Merchants, brokers and bankers confer and transact business; pleasure-seekers arrange their plans; estranged friends make up their quarrels over the steaming tumbler.

Using a Fish as a Candle.

[New York Tribune.]

"Turn out the gas," said a naturalist, "and I will show the latest thing in light; that is," he added, "the latest thing in that line in British Columbia."

As the gas went out, the speaker unveiled several objects that had an "ancient and fish-like smell," and, striking a match, touched one. A moment later a clear, yellow light appeared, issuing from what looked like the mouth of a fish, the caudal end of which was thrust into a large bronze candlestick.

"Yes," said the naturalist, "it is a fish, and nothing else, no tube nor oil within, only the fish just as it came from the water. Take this paper and read a line, and become one of the very few who can boast that they have read by the light of a dead herring."

The light was found equal to that of a candle, and reading by fish light was an easy matter.

The Boy Was Right.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "And why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," answered the child.

In a Six-Story Factory.

[Chicago News.]

We have no heart to enlarge upon the enormity of allowing workmen and women to ply their callings under conditions where their final cremation is merely a question of time.

FISHING IN CHINA.

The Rod and Line Made Superfluous by the Cormorant. [New York Sun.]

"The first time I ever saw a fishing cormorant at work under the direction of its Chinese master, I thought it was one of the most amusing and at the same time interesting sights imaginable," said Engineer George Dean, who has spent a number of years in China. "I was walking along the Min river one day soon after arriving in China, and came to a bamboo float or raft moored to the pier of a bridge. I noticed a native squatting on the raft, and saw what at first I thought were a number of ducks grouped at one end of it. They were all faced toward the Chinaman, and he was gazing steadily at them with his hands on his knees."

"I stopped to see what was going on. Suddenly the man extended his right hand, palm upward, toward one of the birds, which I then saw were not ducks, for one that the Chinaman reached his hand to waddled as briskly as it could toward him, and hopped on the open palm. The man stroked its feathers fondly, rubbed his cheek along its neck, which he kissed now and then, and talked to it in Chinese, evidently in endearing terms. The bird seemed delighted. It laid its head on the Chinaman's arm, rubbed its peculiar bill against his face, and returned all his caresses. This lasted at least a minute, and then the man moved with the bird to the further side of the float, and placed it on the edge. Then for the first time it came to me that this was a Chinese fisherman, working with cormorants."

When the cormorant was placed on the edge of the raft it dipped its bill in the water, snapped it together loudly, looked up and down the side of the float, turned its head and fixed its glistening black eyes on an instant on its master, and then slid beneath the surface without a sound, scarcely leaving a ripple behind it. The Chinaman seated himself again and awaited the reappearance of his bird without any apparent concern or anxiety. The other birds remained standing at the end of the raft, almost motionless, and without removing their eyes from their master. The bird that had dived into the water remained beneath the surface for probably a quarter of a minute, and then reappeared, popping almost out of the water as it came up. The lower half of a fish protruded from its mouth. The bird swam straight to the raft, climbed upon it, and jumping on the master's knee, held its head up for him to remove the fish. The Chinaman pulled the fish from the bird's mouth with one hand, while he stroked its neck and plumage with the other, and whispered words of approval. The cormorant shook out its feathers, and showed its delight in various ways.

"Again its master placed it on the edge of the raft, and once more it glided noiselessly in the water. The other birds maintained their stolidity, apparently unmindful of what was going on around them. The cormorant that was fishing appeared in a short time, and again had made a successful dive. The same caressing was gone through with, and the bird was started in the water a third time. It now seemed to be thoroughly warmed up to its work, and went at it with an avidity that showed plainly the pleasure it took in it. The third time it was gone longer than usual, and when it finally came up it had no fish. The change in its actions was striking. It swam frantically about in the water, twisting and turning and winding the greatest distress, but turn which way it might, it kept its sharp eyes fixed on its master, with an appealing expression. It made no move to approach the raft, and when the Chinaman raised his hand and pointed downward with the fore finger, the bird dived again and so quickly that it was gone like a flash. In a few seconds up it came, bearing in its mouth a large fish. This time it swam boldly for the raft, deposited its prey at its master's feet, and showed plainly by the joyfulness of its actions as he stroked its arched neck that it had redeemed itself."

"When the Chinaman placed the third fish in his basket he took the cormorant and placed it in the center of the raft. It seemed to understand that it had done its work satisfactorily and was entitled to rest, for it strutted proudly away and took up its position at the other end of the raft."

The Decay of Will Power.

[Boston Gazette.]

Strong wills are becoming as rare as healthy physical organizations. The world is "fussy," but only because humanity is working itself too much. Brain tissue has increased, but healthy, vigorous thought has diminished. Affections have become realities, and realities affections. A toothache converts us into invalids, where our ancestors laughed at the gout. We have beaten the gold leaf so thin that it has lost its own color, and shines with a ghastly green light. Sentiment has carried us past common sense; we have had such a terror of the flesh that we have cultivated brain at the expense of motive tissue, and have produced a giant's skull that is too heavy for the dwarf legs to bear. Emotion has been improved; brain has increased, but strong, vigorous thought has diminished.

Humanity has made a rapid journey toward perfection; but the point has been now reached when rest and relaxation becomes a necessity. We have conquered worlds; let us now return for a while to the old Greek proverb, and try to conquer ourselves.

Recommended to "That Young Man."

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

The littleness of any one person's knowledge is astonishing. "I do not even know an astronomer," says Mr. Richard A. Proctor, "who is not ignorant in some departments of his own subject; nor any chemist, geologist, botanist, entomologist, or other specialist, who—if really a master—will not admit that there are departments of his special subjects about which he knows very little. How much more ignorant must he be of subjects outside the few he can have made his own."

Mrs. Sigourney: We speak of educating our children; do we know that our children also educate us?

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR—

The Herald General Merchandise,

\$1.00

A Year, Always in Advance.

—AN—

INDEPENDENT

FAMILY

NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

EASTERN KENTUCKY

AND THE

Development of Her Great Resources.

THE HERALD

Is the cheapest newspaper ever published in Eastern Kentucky, only

One Dollar a Year.

THE HERALD

Publishes the home news, the state news, the general news, and yet is

Only a Dollar a Year.

THE HERALD

Is more deeply interested in the Development of Eastern Kentucky, and publishes more matter relating to its resources, than any paper in the state, yet the price is very low—only

\$1 A Year. \$1

THE HERALD

Numbers among its contributors many gentlemen who are eminently qualified to show the capitalists of the country our great wealth, and induce immigration into our section, among them,

Col. Bennet H. Young,

Hon. Thos. Turner,

Prof. John R. Proctor,

Prof. Robt. Peter,

and many others, all of whom realize the great wealth we possess, and desire to see this section developed.

THE HERALD

JOB

DEPARTMENT,

FITTED UP WITH

TYPE,

New Presses and Fine Paper Stock,

Is prepared to execute any and all kinds of Printing in the best style and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

J. T. & F. DAY,

—DEALERS IN—

The Herald General Merchandise,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

Carry in stock the LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE IN EASTERN KENTUCKY. Having the experience of many years, in our line of business, we feel justified in asserting to the trade, both Wholesale and Retail, that we do, CAN, and WILL meet the wants of our patrons, and make it to your interest to patronize us. Besides an immense stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Drugs, Queensware, Hardware, Saddlery, Groceries, Cutlery, &c., &c.,

we have now on hand for the spring trade a full line of PLOWS and GRASS SEEDS.

Leaf Tobacco, Live Stock, and all kinds of Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods or in settlement of Notes and Accounts. Your trade respectfully solicited.

March 4th, 1885,

J. T. & F. DAY.

G. B. SWANGO.

W. T. SWANGO.

SWANCO & BRO.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Queensware, Tinware, Hardware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Groceries, Stoves, and Farming Implements.

In fact, everything usually kept in a first-class country store, and at BOTTOM PRICES. Also, will take in exchange for Goods, or in payment of any debt due us, all kinds of Country Produce and Live Stock of every description.

THE MT. STERLING

Iron Fence Foundry & Machine Co.

Is now manufacturing Ten different styles of Plain and Fancy Wrought Iron Fencing, and are ready to take contracts for putting up same. Persons wanting a strictly Wrought Iron Fence, and that the best in the world, can buy no other. We also make a style adapted to enclosing country burying grounds. Our Fences are not only the most substantial, but the handsomest ever made, and a yard enclosed by one of them is greatly enhanced in beauty and value. Our Machine Department is supplied with the most modern machinery, and our workmen cannot be excelled in skill, experience, or honest performance of their duties. We REPAIR ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY, and make a specialty of

Cumming and Hammering Saws.

No other shop outside of Louisville can say the same. Saw mill men will do well to call on us or write for information. Catalogues furnished on application to

R. T. BEAN, Supt.,

Mt. Sterling, Ky.

THE SPLENDID SADDLE AND HARNESS STALLION,

Grey Eagle,

Will make the season of 1885 at the stables of the subscriber on Red River, six miles east of Hazel Green, Ky.

\$4 to insure a Mare in Foal, money due when the mare proves to be in foal or is parted with, and a lien will be retained on the colt for the insurance money, where it is not paid before foaling time.

DESCRIPTION.—GREY EAGLE is a beautiful dapple gray; sixteen hands high, finely formed and exhibits grand action and style.

PEIDGE—GREY EAGLE was sired by a Packard horse from Ohio, and his dam was a fine mare from the blue grass region of this state. He has proved himself a sure foal-getter, and his colts are as fine as those of any horse ever in the mountains.

All care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should any occur.

R. M. WILSON.

JOHN W. JONES,

DEALER IN

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

NO. 10 MAIN STREET,

MT. STERLING, KY.

Largest Stock of Clocks in Eastern Kentucky!

CLOCKS FROM ONE (\$1.00) DOLLAR UP.

One Day Clock, strike.....\$2 00
Eight Day Clock, ".....\$ 75
Eight Day Clock, " and Alarm.....\$ 75
SOLID SILVER WATCHES.....\$ 00
Silver Plated Spoons.....\$ 00

Particular attention paid to Repairing. Call and see my goods.

JOHN W. JONES.

ESTABLISHED IN 1845.

The Leading Insurance Agency OF MT. STERLING, KY.

Total Assets of Agency - \$143,848,780 60

184 Royal of Liverpool.....\$31,000,000 00	1861 London and Lancashire.....\$2,200,000 00
1836 Liverpool and London.....\$3,400,000 00	1810 Hartford of Hartford.....\$341,240 00
and Globe of England 36,875,000 00	1849 Springfield of Springfield.....\$585,832 00
1809 North British & Mercantile of England.....33,301,000 00	1863 Firemans Fund of California.....1,473,026 00
1794 Ins. Co. of North America of Philadelphia.....9,716,696 33	1869 Northwestern National.....1,194,889 00
1710 Sun Fire Office of London.....5,863,000 00	1750 Niagara of New York.....1,574,058 00
1782 Phenix of London.....5,383,916 46	1865 Boatmans Pittsburg.....411,499 00

Insurance, in order to be reliable, must be guaranteed by successful and well-known corporations; the policies of doubtful or experimental companies being dear at any price. The best policies are always the cheapest. Insurers should select their companies as they would a banker, or a person who is to hold their funds in trust. Look to quality as the paramount consideration of insurance. Respectfully,

A. HOFFMAN.

OFFICE—At Traders and Deposit Bank.